Supernatural; Gabriel/Balthazar; "Which cake is better?"

In this ficlet, I don't actually answer the question. I do manage to avoid the Portal joke.

"You're stealing my gig," Gabriel said, leaning over Balthazar's piano. "Pretending to be dead, saving the Winchester's sorry behinds, and playing with Castiel."

"And?" Balthazar looked at the archangel, calm as could be. "You haven't put a copyright on those things, have you?"

"Nope." Gabriel straightened. "Just making some wry observations. It's all a lead up."

"To what?"

Gabriel grinned. "I need a professional opinion, and you've been down here long enough to have one." He snapped his fingers, and two cakes appeared on the piano, forks sticking out of them.

Balthazar raised an eyebrow, and waited for an explanation.

"Which cake is better?" Gabriel asked. "I need to settle something with Coyote, see."

"Fooling around with more pagans, are we..." Balthazar said, but he was smiling, and it was fond exasperation. "Fine. But you'll owe me later."

"Whatever. Just answer the question."

Balthazar grinned and picked up a cake.